

Englands Joyfull Holiday, or, St. Georges-Day, holy
Honoured being the joyfull Solemnity, so long lookt for, of the Coronation of
King CHARLES the Second, who was most highly attended by all his Dukes,
Earls, Lords, and Barons from the Tower, through the City to Westminster, where
he was Crowned on St. Georges Day, being 23. of April :

To the Tune, The King enjoys his own again.



Come hither England, be of good cheare,
For unto you I will declare,
Of the joyfull night that ere was seen,
In the age of either King or Queen;
Of Carls and Woods in glittering gold,
With admiration to behold;
Then let us all rejoyce and sing,
For CHARLES the second is Crowned King.

Be a few more the Peasants banishment;
By wicked Draplers strong consent;
Though some induboured by their wiles
To keep him from us many miles;
Who had hath Cross the his bad intent;
Let such false hearts therefore repent;
Then let us rejoyce, and merrily sing,
For CHARLES the second is Crown'd our King.

The Duke of Yorke with all his Traire,
And Englands George don't will remain,
But all attend upon his Grace;
Each man according to his place.

Shewes joy of heart in every thing,
And each man shonks, God save the King.
Then let all true subjects rejoyce and sing,
For CHARLES the second is crown'd our King.

The glittering traine of Dukes and Earls
In glittering Gold, and costly Pearls,
With Knights and Squires, attend we see
Upon his Grace, of Courage free;
And glad they are as all doe say,
To live too see this happy day;
With joy of heart they all doe sing,
For joy their Masters Crowned King.

The City they no cost doe spare
Their Loyalty for too declare
With Pageants rich, and brave attire,
The bravest makes all admire;
As all the Companies on a row
Which doe their great attentions
And do rejoyce in every thing;
With joy of heart to grace the King.



What joy of heart, doe all expresse,
For to enjoy such happinesse,
As the King upon the Throne to sit,
Who was long banisht from us, yet
The Lord hath brought him to his Crown,
And Scepter to sway in great renown:
Where he this day is to be seen,
In glorious manner Crowned King.

Let England then rejoyce with me,
That we this happy day doe see;
For cruelty shall surely cease;
And we again enjoy our Peace:
Let's strive to keep it in our hand;
And then it will never depart the Land:
Then may we rejoyce and merrily sing,
For Charls the second is Crowned King.

Let Booker and Lilly be a shamed,
And all their knowledge much be blamed;
For sitting against the King and Crown,
And prophesying the Clergie down:
For they we see, false Prophets are,
Though much made use of in the War.
Let us laugh at their folly, and let us sing,
For now his Grace is Crown'd our King.

This fear of God, let us advance,
Which gives us our great deliverance,
From Cruell Government at sword,
Which seldom doth regard Gods word,
Or cry of people in distress:
Though near so full of heaviness:
But let us rejoyce and merrily sing,
For Royal Charls is Crown'd our King.

Where's York and Lancaster now rejoyce,
Winchester and Worcester raise their voice;
Litchfield, Coventry and Darby Town,
Nottingham and Newark of great renown:
Lincoln and Leicester of high degree,
With Peterborough and Hull all glad to see,
They do clap hands, rejoyces and sing,
For joy that Charls is Crown'd our King.

Bristol, Bath and Exeter,
Portsmouth and Plimmouth, seats of war,
Oxford and Cambridge, of great fame,
And many more, that I do not name,
Yet most of them doe we in great joy,
And sing a loud, Vive Le Roy;
In heart and minds let all men sing,
For Charls the second is Crowned King.

Let all Phanaticks have a care,
And keep out of the Devils snare,
For this great work the Lord hath down
In sending us the Gracious Son
Of him whom you with wrath did slay,
For which you have cause to mourn alway:
But we will rejoyce and merrily sing,
For joy that he is now Crown'd our King.

God keep him safe from Treachery,
And all his good Nobility,
With happy daies, and a long Raigne,
The glorious Gospel to maintain,
That altogether may agree:
Then we joyful times shall see:
Then shall they may, let all men sing,
Amen, amen, God save the King.

By me O. G.